And whiter than the sheets ! That I might touch ! But kiss; one kiss !— Rubies unparagon'd, How dearly they do't!—'Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus[1]: The flame o* the taper
Bows toward her; and would under-peep her Iids[5] To see the enclosed lights, now canopied[2] Under these windows [:j]: White and azure, lac'd With blue of heaven's own tinct[4].—But my design.

Again, in The Rape of Lucrece:

[{f] Who o'er the *'white sheets* peers her *whiter* chin."

M ALONE.

Thus, also, Jaffier, in Venice Preserved:

«----in virgin sheets,
** White as her bosom."

STEEVENS. i — 'Tis her breathing that Perfumes the chamber thus :] The same hyperbole is found In The Metamorphosis of Pygmalion's Image, by J. Marston, 1598:

«--------no lips did seem so fair
*[e] In his conceit; *through which he thinks dothjftie* [<c] *So sweet a breath that doth perfume the air."*

MALONE, [a] —now CANOPIED—] Shakspeare has the same expression in Tarquin and Lucrece : " Her eyes, like marigolds, had sheath'd their light, •*' *And canopied in* darkness, sweetly lay, " Till they might open to adorn the day." MALONE. 3 Under these WINDOWS :] |.*z.*||*zieyelids.* So, in Romeo and Juliet:

" Thy eyes' *windows* fall,
" Like death, when he shuts up the day of life/' Again, in his Venus and Adonis :
" The night of sorrow now is turn'd to day;
*[e] Her two blue *windows* faintly she up-heaveth.'[r]

MALONE*

4-----White AND azure, lac'd WITH blue of heaven's own tinct.], We should read: <« White *with* azure lac'd, " *The* blue of heaven[T]s own tinct." i. e. the white skin laced with blue veins. WARBURTON, So, in Macbeth:

" His silver *skin lac'd with* his golden blood,"